For this is he shall helpe you more,
Then you are hurt by me.

Enter one with a letter to *Warwike*.

War. What Counsell Lords, *Edward* from *Belgia*,
With hastie Germaines and blunt *Hollanders*,
Is past in safetie through the narrow seas, (London
And with his troopes doe march amaine towardes
And manie giddie people follow him.
Oxf. Tis best to looke to this betimes,
For if this fire doe kindle any further,
It will be hard for vs to quench it out.
War. In *Warwike* shire I haue true harted friends,
Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in warre,
Them will I muster vp, and thou sonne *Clarence* shalt
In *Essex*, *Suffolke*, *Norfolke*, and in *Kent*,
Stir vp the knights and gentlemen to come with thee.
And thou brother *Montague*, in *Leister* shire,
Buckingham and *Northampton* shire shalt finde,
Men well inclinde to doe what thou commands,
And thou braue *Oxford* wondrous well belou'd,
Shalt in thy countries muster vp thy friends.
My soueraigne with his louing Citizens,
Shall rest in London till we come to him.
Faire Lords take leaue and stand not to replie,
Farewell my soueraigne.
King. Farewel my *Hector*, my *Troyes* true hope,
War. Farewell sweet Lords, lets meet at Couentrie.
All. Agreed. *Exeunt Omnes.*

Enter *Edward* and his traine.

Edw. Sease on the shamefast *Henry*,
And once againe conuaie him to the Tower,

Awaie

Awaie with him, I will not heare him speake.
And now towards Couentrie let vs bend our course
To meet with *Warwike* and his confederates.

Exeunt Omnes.

Enter *Warwike* on the walles.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant *Oxford*?
How farre hence is thy Lord my honest fellow?
Oxf post. By this at *Daintrie* marching hitherward.
War. Where is our brother *Montague*?
Where is the post that came from *Montague*?
Post. I left him at *Donsmore* with his troopes.
War. Say *Summerfield* where is my louing son?
And by thy gesse, how farre is *Clarence* hence?
Sommer. At *Southham* my Lord I left him with
His force, and doe expect him two houres hence.
War. Then Oxford is at hand, I heare his drum.

Enter *Edward* and his power.

Glo. See brother, where the surly *Warwike* mans the wal.
War. O vnbid spight, is spotfull *Edward* come!
Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduste,
That we could haue no newes of their repaire?
Edw. Now *Warwike* wilt thou be sorrie for thy faults,
And call *Edward* king and he will pardon thee.
War. Nale rather wilt thou draw thy forces backe?
Confesse who set thee vp and puld thee downe?
Call *Warwike* patron and be penitent,
And thou shalt still remaine the Duke of *Yorke*.
Glo. I had thought at least he would haue said the king.
Or did he make the iest against his will.
War. Twas *Warwike* gaue the kingdome to thy brother.
Edw. Why then tis mine, if but by *Warwikes* gift.